

ARIZONA SILVER BELT

DAILY AND WEEKLY

By the
SILVER BELT PUBLISHING CO.
H. H. HEINER
H. C. HOLDSWORTH

Published every morning except Monday
Member of the Associated Press.

OFFICIAL PAPER GILA COUNTY
OFFICIAL PAPER CITY OF GLOBE

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily, by mail, one year.....\$7.50
Daily, by carrier, one month......75
Weekly, one year..... 2.50
Weekly, six months..... 1.25
CASH IN ADVANCE

**ADVERTISING RATES WILL BE
MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION**

Entered at the Postoffice in Globe,
Ariz., as second-class mail.

The average daily circulation of the
Silver Belt during the month of March
was

6092

The Silver Belt has a larger circulation
than any daily newspaper in the
world published in a city with 10,000 or
less population.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS
Subscribers to the Daily Arizona Silver
Belt will confer a favor on this
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SILVER BELT PUBLISHING CO.



GOOD MORNING

Write it on your heart that
every day is the best day in the
year; no man has learned anything
rightly, until he knows that every
day is doomsday.—Emerson.

Mr. Diaz's job may not be "bully,"
but it is certainly long drawn out.

Mr. Norman Mack is to start a new
democratic publication. To be some-
thing still more different?

They may hammer and tinker and re-
vise as they will, but the scent of the
Dingley rates hangs round it still.

"Do you eat, drink or wear clothes?"
inquires the Augusta Chronicle. Well,
we are not always sure just what is in
the hash.

In times of depression the home-own-
ing employe is always given the prefer-
ence. No better time to buy a home in
Globe than now.

And when that Roosevelt boulevard is
completed, how convenient it will be
for Phoenix people to come over to
Globe, the metropolis, to trade.

If only the entire world would become
as enthusiastic over baseball as this
country is, we should soon have an in-
ternational language everybody under-
stood.

Perhaps it was well enough that the
Sultan of Turkey's chief astrologer
passed away when he did. He thereby
escaped a lot of painful explanations,
in all probability.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis re-
cently fined a defendant one cent. Quite
a come-down from \$29,240,000, but there
was this advantage about it—the de-
fendant paid the one cent.

We should not be too hard on that
Atlanta party who traded his wife for
a keg of beer, however. Remember,
there may be men in Atlanta who would
trade their wives for near-beer.

Those Paris correspondents may think
it great fun to be thrust into the An-
nals club. By and by, however, they
will probably all be candidates for ad-
mission into the Let Us Alone society.

Mrs. Hetty Green has shaken the dust
of Hoboken from her feet forever. Be-
fore Mr. Roosevelt sailed from Hoboken,
the fact that Mrs. Green lived there
was the most notable thing in connec-
tion with the place.

People generally would doubt that it
was ever suggested that supreme court
justices should be selected only after
competitive examinations were it not
for the fact that the suggestion is
credited to former Attorney General
Bonaparte.

That Pennsylvania church which re-
cently received, via the contribution
box, a \$1,000 bill from an unknown
donor, is advertising the fact in the
newspapers of the community, for fear
it may have been contributed by mis-
take. Oh, ye of little faith!

"Outlandish, hideous, unseemly, ob-
structive, impudent, self-assertive, loud,
dominant aids and abettors of the
devil!" Picturesque, is it not? No,
indeed, the colonel—as not responsible
for it. It is merely the Western Chris-
tian Advocate's opinion of the new
spring styles in feminine headgear.

SUCCESSFUL FARMERS' STRIKE

A new idea in the strike line has been
given to the country by the Colorado
State Farmers' union.

At their recent convention in Pueblo
the farmers made a demand for an in-
crease of wages or prices for raising
sugar beets, declaring that not a pound
of that product would be delivered short
of \$5 per ton flat rate. Of course, with-
out sugar beets the American sugar beet
combine could neither produce saccharine
products nor keep its stock at par.
So the trust yielded and the labor pow-
er of the union farmers of Colorado
will this year yield about \$350,000 more
than in 1908.

This is one of the few instances on
record where wealth-producers have
whipped a trust to a standstill. The
cotton growers and tobacco raisers are
trying to emulate the example of the
beet sugar producers, and this Colorado
victory is sure to attract the attention
of the agriculturists of the whole coun-
try.

Mark the prediction: Inside of five
years the American farmers will, from
the organization standpoint, have all
other producers beat a mile.

THROWING THE BABY OUT OF THE WINDOW

In Cincinnati, the other day, a mother
threw her baby out of an upper win-
dow. She meant no harm to it. In
fact she acted as mechanically as any
other machine. The gasoline stove ex-
ploded, and in the fright, she rushed to
the window with the babe and hurled
it out, to alight on the stones, the pave-
ment, on a passing pedestrian, or any-
thing else. At last accounts the child
was living, though injured.

Was the woman to blame? No! She
would have given her life for the baby
she threw out of the window. What is
the reason, then, of such an unaccount-
able act?

Well, the reason is in the facts back
of the phrase "any other machine,"
above. The woman was a machine set
in motion by the instinct of self-preser-
vation, but still more by the equally
deep instinct of devotion to offspring.
Woman has so loved her child that na-
ture has set up in the back of her head,
her neck and spine, a little brain that
acts more quickly than the reasoning
brain for the saving of the little tots
from harm. It is the same brain that
makes you shut your eyes at an ex-
plosion before the brain knows about
it, or causes you to balance yourself
against a fall before the thinking brain
has heard the news of danger. It makes
the partridge flutter, as if wounded,
away from her nest and sends the chicks
to their mother's wings when she gives
the call that means, "A hawk! A
hawk!"

Most of the time these impulses—ref-
lexes, the scientists call them—act cor-
rectly. We should die a dozen times a
day, if that were possible, if not pre-
served by them. They regulate the
beating of our heart, the digestion of
our food, the breathing that keeps the
blood pure—but sometimes they go
wrong. They went wrong with the woman
who threw her baby out of the
window.

Sometimes these instincts overcome
reason and affection; and sometimes one
instinct beats down one less powerful.
Browning tells of a woman in a sleigh
who was chased by wolves. They were
the gaunt, hungry Russian wolves; that
kill people and she was in one of those
low Russian sleighs into which the ra-
venous fiends were ready to leap and de-
vour her.

Her baby was in her arms. Somehow
it slipped out, was seized upon by the



LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water poured into the milk, give the
milkman's daughters lovely gowns of silk. Little grains
of sugar, mingled with the sand, makes the grocer's as-
sets swell to beat the band. Little bowls of custard, hum-
ble though they seem, help enrich the fellow selling pure
ice cream. Little rocks and boulders, little chunks of
slate, make the coal man's fortune something fierce and
great. Little ads, well written, printed nice and neat,
give the joyful merchants homes on Easy Street.

—WALT MASON.

Copyright, 1908, by George Matthew Adams.

wolves, devoured, and in the respite
from pursuit the woman escaped. The
story horrifies everyone that reads it.
For everyone believes that she threw
it to the wolves. It is so unnatural for
a mother to be willing to live by sacri-
ficing her child.

It is horrible. But how many people
are there who are sacrificing their chil-
dren under less pressure?

The little girl sent out to work or
slaying in the sweatshop is a baby
thrown to the wolves.

The boy sent into some great inhuman
mine, factory or shop, to grow pale
and crooked and gaunt—is a baby
thrown out of the window.

Parents throw them out by thousands.
Are they not criminal parents? Well,
was the woman in Cincinnati criminal?
No; she was a machine. Are the par-
ents of the mine children, the factory
children, and the sweatshop children
criminals? No; not in most cases. They
are chased by the wolves of want.

Kill off the wolves of want by a bet-
ter social and industrial system and
the babies will not be thrown out of
the windows, nor cast to the wolves.
And in the meantime, by child labor
laws and sweat-shop laws, and housing
laws, we may do a little to palliate the
situation. But the real trouble is in
unnecessary poverty.

Charles Algernon Swinburne did not
die altogether in vain. The consequent
publication of numerous selections from
his poetical works goes far toward of-
fsetting the spring garden variety from
other authors, so plentifully incident to
the season.

Another thing that prompts us to
think Cuba is improving is the fact that
one of the recently convicted revolu-
tionists was a sergeant. As a rule, these
tropical warriors are all generals.

"Castro is almost as good an adver-
tiser as Theodore Roosevelt," says the
Birmingham Age-Herald. It cannot be;
Mr. Roosevelt gets so much more sub-
stantial results.

"Has anybody paid any attention to
the swallow crop?" asks the Montgom-
ery Advertiser. Thought the prohibition
frust put the Alabama swallow crop out
of business.

Railroad movements in this vicinity
are becoming very interesting. A new
line, the details of which have not as
yet been given to the public, is being
surveyed.

SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMON

(Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife)

TRANSLATED BY MAUD MARIE

Verily, verily, my daughter, many times a man shall come unto thee
crying, "Why doth a woman do things?"

"Yes, why doth she get off a car backward?"

"Why doth she lick all the glue off an envelope, yet expect it to
stick?"

"Why doth she put nothing in her letter and everything in the post-
script?"

"Why doth she wear 'come-hither' stockings and hold her skirts at an
angle of 45 degrees—yet yet indignantly if a man glance therat?"

"Why doth she get hurt if thou dost not make love unto her—and in-
sulted if thou dost?"

"Why doth she wear a hat which maketh her to look like the Father
of Lies—when she yearneth most to be admired?"

"Why doth she flout him she loveth and gush over him she despiseth?"

"Why doth she act innocent when she is worldly wise, and bold when
she is innocent, old when she is young, and kittenish when she is old? Yes,
why?"

Even, because! Yet no man shall understand this. Therefore, kiss him
patiently and praise his nose, but argue not with him; yet inquire sweetly,
saying: "Why doth a man carry a cane, which is neither a thing of beau-
ty nor a staff of support?"

"Why doth he always lie unto a woman—even when the truth would
serve him better?"

"Why doth he take a drink 'to celebrate' his reform when he 'swear-
eth off'?"

"Why doth he knock another man down—just to prove that he is a
gentleman?"

"Why doth he cut off the hair upon his head, yet allow it to grow upon
his face?"

"Why doth he wed a flirt—and then try to 'make her over' into a
prude?"

"Why doth he kiss the woman he despiseth and avoid her he desireth?"

"Why doth he yearn for the woman who doth not want him and spurn
her who would joyously become his white slave?"

"Why doth he act wise when he is young and foolish when he is old?"

"Why doth he flee from a devoted woman, yet walk calmly into a
trap?"

"Yes, why?"

Lo, the Sphinx may answer thee, but I cannot! For woman is the eter-
nal question—but man is the eternal joke? And unto the joke there is no
answer—save a smile. Selah!

RECASTING JUDGE-MADE LAW

Fellow-Servant Doctrine Repudiated by
Several States

From the Philadelphia Press.

New Jersey follows New York, Penn-
sylvania, and Delaware in the enact-
ment of a statute covering the liability
of employes for injuries to their ser-
vants. England years ago over-turned
the peculiar judge-made law which had
prevailed for sixty years, whereby a
servant maimed for life, or his family,
in case he were killed, could not recover
any compensation from the employer if
the injury were caused by the negligent
act of a fellow-workman engaged in
"common employment." American
legislatures have been slow to follow
the English parliament in this highly
salutary reform of the substantive law.
Present indications are that before long
the "fellow-servant doctrine" will be
entirely eliminated in the United
States.

This principle was first declared as
the law in 1837. Lord Abinger, a com-
mon law judge of great learning and
ability, was its author. Cautious appli-
cation was made of it in the succeed-
ing five years. Then Chief Justice Shaw
of the Supreme court of Massachusetts,
adopted the same line of reasoning as
Lord Abinger, and expounded the doc-
trine with greater logical force than
ever before. The sequel was the firm
establishment of the "fellow-servant
doctrine" in English and American juris-
prudence. Shaw's decision had such
weight in the House of Lords that the
doctrine of "common employment" was
forced upon the reluctant common-
law courts of Scotland.

Several American states other than
those already named have repudiated
the doctrine by statute. Georgia, Mont-
ana and Colorado. Kentucky and Con-
necticut are among those which have
joined with Massachusetts in repudiating
the doctrine of "common employ-
ment" and minimized the defense of
contributory negligence.

This doctrine, in the seventy years of
its existence, has entailed terrible hard-
ships to thousands of poor families in
England and America. It arose from a
judicial blunder in considering the prob-
lem in its narrow legal aspects without
regard to the economic and ethical prin-
ciple involved. In effect, it was de-
clared that a workman, by his contract
of service, assumes all risk of the em-
ployment, including the risks that may
come through the act or neglect of his
fellow-servants. Thousands of cases
have been decided in the course of which
the doctrine has been extended in a
manner to entail greater immunity for
employers.

WOMEN WITHOUT HOMES

Many of Them Have Nothing Whatever
to Do.

From the New York Times.

One of the most important problems
of the age, though apparently unrec-
ognized, is the woman "out of a job."
This is not the woman who has gone
into business, but the so-called home
woman from whom modern conditions,
increase of wealth, and increased cost
of living have taken away not only her
work in the home, but practically the
home itself. If she 6,000,000 women in
the country who must work for their
support should suddenly find themselves
out of employment, innumerable philan-
thropic individuals and societies would
immediately set all the machinery at
their command in motion to see what
could be done about it. But if these
other women "out of a job," in far
larger numbers, and threatened with
perhaps more serious results, attempt
anything in the way of serious work
outside there are cries of "Back to
your home."

At the same time pulpit and public
are severe in their strictures of the
bridge-playing woman, the overluxu-
rious and immoderately dressed woman,
and ask what the world is coming to
with the increasing number of divorces.
Are not these faults all, more or less,
the result of the woman out of a job?
And is not the unrest among women,
the work of the club woman, the woman
who is trying to enter political life,
the woman suffragist—and anti-suffragist,
too—all a natural and healthy effort
to regain equilibrium? Is it not a
normal and healthy appetite for work?

With the increased cost of living and
the trouble with servants, the home it-
self has changed and narrowed, making
it a less attractive place in which to
stay and again cutting down the possi-
bility of home work. The woman of
today who lives in an apartment with

her husband, in "two rooms and bath,"
may feel that she has sufficient work
in the world to do, that she is living a
higher life than her ancestors, without
menial work, and that if she is no longer
a helpmeet she is a "companion" for
her husband. Women living on these
higher planes suffer great danger of a
fall. No one was intended to live with-
out work. There was plenty of it for
the woman at home, the most deligh-
ful kind of work, when she had a home
and something to do in it. Luxury,
idleness and degeneracy go together.

The American woman, like the Amer-
ican man, has sound, good sense and
principle. If she is discovering that
she has lost something from her life,
is she not to be commended? And
what is she going to do to replace it?
What are we going to do with the "wo-
man out of a job?"

CO-OPERATIVE LIVING

Productive Industry Reducing the Bur-
den of Housekeeping.

"The Woman's Invasion" in Every-
body's.

Each passing decade sees a larger and
larger share of the life of the child
transferred from individual to co-oper-
ative innuences; in other words, trans-
ferred from within the home to outside
the home. We have already observed
that the same law of development ex-
ists in respect to certain other elements
of home life. We have seen how pro-
ductive industry, once located largely in
the home, has almost entirely departed
from it. We have observed how the
arts of housekeeping have begun to die
in the home and to be revived in do-
mestic science courses outside.

Simultaneously, naturally, there has
arisen a great demand on the part of
housewives for food already cooked.
This applies not only to cereals and
breads and canned vegetables and
canned fruits, but to meats and fish.

In one of the Chicago department
stores, last year, the manager of the
grocery department sold more than
\$200,000 worth of chicken croquettes,
salami sausage, cervelat sausage, south-
ern hash, mutton stew, veal chops, fried
perch, fried frogs' legs, combination
salad, boiled ham, beef tongue, fried
oysters, baked white fish, bologna sa-
usage, deviled crabs, and so on, already
to eat.

Of course, even \$200,000 is a small
amount compared with what a city like
Chicago spends a year in food, but it
shows in which direction the tendency
is setting. There is probably ten times
as much cooked food sold in Chicago
today as there was ten years ago.

All these changes tend to contract the
scope of the home, but it does not fol-
low that they tend to destroy its vital
principle.

Morning Smiles

The early bird obtains the worm,
But he has to share the dish
With the funny tribe when anglers dig
Some bait for early fish.

A man's devotion to his lawn in April
is equalled only by his neglect of it in
August.

An editor was assassinated while on
his way to the office the other day. No,
this was not in Tennessee, but in Tur-
key.

Zelaya of Nicaragua, is reported as
oppressing Americans. Fine way to get
fat, oppressing Americans. Castro please
write.

He—I suppose if I kissed you you
wouldn't ever speak to me again?
She—Why do you always look on the
dark side of things?

Fond Mother—One of Sammie's eyes
seems stronger than the other, doctor.
How do you account for that?

Doctor—Er—er—
Sammie—I know, maw, that's the
eye I use all summer peering in
through the knot holes at the ball
games.

A word from Josh Wise: "A bunch
of women in those tube gowns reminds
me of a pack of straight cut cigar-
ettes."

GOOD MANAGEMENT
How sensitive my brother seems,
No longer can I doubt it;
We played with butcher knives, and
now,
He's all cut up about it.
The self-same day we saw a dog
That took my brother's eye,
And with the other one he then
Began at once to cry.

A German band came down the street,
I said, "Prick up your ears,"
And did it for him with a pin—
He shed abundant tears.

I've taken care of him at last
(The druggist told me how);
I put him into alcohol;
He's in good spirits now.

NO ESCAPE FROM IT
'Twas the age of the wireless tele-
phone.

"Gimme Z—double—L 79,656 Ka-
zoo, quick," said the patient subscriber.
And as he listened this came right
back from the exchange girl:
"Airsbusy."

A Georgia man who can't read or
write claims that his mark was forged
to a land deed.

In New York a Chinaman shot a
white man. At length the Asiatic is
becoming assimilated.

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